

Old English Test Books.

Old English Jest Books.

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**Pasquil's Jestes,**

**MIXED WITH MOTHER BUNCHES MERRIMENTS.**

*Whereunto is added*

**A Doozen of Gullies,**

**PRETTY AND PLEASANT TO DRIVE AWAY THE  
TEDIOUSNESSE OF A WINTER'S EVENING.**

1604.

REPRINTED FROM THE RARE ORIGINAL,

*And Edited, with Introduction and Notes,*

BY

W. CAREW HAZLITT.

LONDON :

1866.



PASQUILS JESTS  
mixed with  
MOTHER BUNCH'S MERRIMENTS.

“*Barabas.* Now I remember those old women's words,  
Who in my wealth would tell me winter's tales.”  
Marlowe's *Rich Jew of Malta*, 1633.

61626-1

Pasquils Iests, mixed with Mother Bunches Merriments. Whereunto is added a doozen of Gules. Pretty and pleasant to drive away the tediousnesse of a Winters Evening. *Imprinted at London for John Browne, and are to be sold at his shop in Saint Dunstones Church yard in Fleet Street.* 1604. 4°, black letter.

\* \* This edition, of which there is a very indifferent copy in the British Museum, contains twenty-four leaves, including the title, and fifty-two tales, besides the "doozen of Gules."

Pasquils iests, with the merriments of Mother Bunch. Wittie, pleasant, and delightfull. London, Printed by M. F[lesher], and are to be sold by Francis Grove, ouer against Saint Sepulchers Church without Newgate, 1629. 4°, black letter, 31 leaves, including title.

\* \* According to the *Bibliographer's Manual*, which is of course known to be of no authority, there were editions in 1608-9, and in 1627. Of these, at all events, I have been unable to procure particulars. The edition of 1629 does not possess the *Gules*; an Epistle to the Reader is substituted.

Pasquils Iests : with the Merriments of Mother Bunch. Wittie, pleasant, and delightfull. London : Printed

by M. F[lesher], and are to be sold by Andrew Kembe, dwelling at Saint Margarets hill in Southwark. 1635. 4°, black letter.

\* \* In this edition, a copy of which is in the Capel Collection at Cambridge, the *Gulles* are also missing. The "Address to the Reader" occupies three pages. The work consists altogether of 60 pp. unnumbered.

Pasquils Jests, with the Merriments of Mother Bunch.

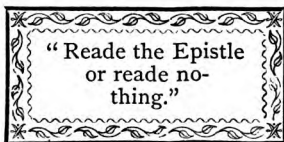
Wittie, pleasant, and delightful. London, Printed by M. F[lesher], n. d. [circa 1635]. 4°, black letter.

\* \* This impression contains seventy-six stories, but has not the *Gulles*. There is, however, the *Epistle to the Reader*.

Pasquils Jests : with the Merriments of Mother Bunch.

Wittie, pleasant, and delightfull. London, Printed by J[ames] F[lesher?], and are to be sold by William Gilbertson at the signe of the Bible in Giltspur-street, n. d. [circa 1650]. 4°, black letter.

\* \* This edition contains seventy-eight tales, and consists altogether of thirty-one leaves. It has not the *Gulles*; but there is an *Epistle to the Reader*, similar to that in the preceding editions, accompanied by the same verses. On the reverse of the title is the following injunction within a woodcut border :—



This is also found in the editions printed by M. F. in 1629, in 1635, and without date.

Pasquils Iests, with the Merriments of Mother Bunch. Witty, Pleasant, and delightfull. London, Printed by J[ames] F[lesher?], and are to be sold by F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright. 1669. 4°, black letter, 31 leaves, including title and preface.

\* \* This edition almost exactly corresponds to those of 1629 and 1635.

The present republication of *Pasquils Fests* is from a transcript of the first edition, 1604, 4°, which I owe to the kindness of J. O. Halliwell, Esq. who, on my application to him, at once in the most obliging manner placed it at my disposal. Aware, however, how liable the most careful copyists are to error, I have compared this reprint, in its progress through the press, word for word with the original; and I have added the "Epistle to the Reader," only found in the later impressions. This address seemed worth preserving on account of its curious allusions, if not for the sake of the ludicrously extravagant vein in which it is written. *Pasquils Fests* may perhaps be added to the list of the publications of Nicholas Breton; but there is no certainty on this subject, and the work has always been regarded as anonymous. It was at first my intention to have incorporated the twenty-six additional stories, which occur in the edition printed for W. Gilbertson, a copy of which is in the British Museum; but it seemed, on the whole, better to present the book to the reader in

its genuine state, merely supplementing the prefatory address. The additions, which were subsequently made, were very probably not by the original editor, and were merely anecdotes introduced from other collections to impart an air of novelty to the publication on its reappearance. It is a curious circumstance, that the GULLES were omitted in all but the very early impressions.

Mother Bunch, under whose name these humorous tales were ushered into the world, appears to have been a sort of second ELINOUR RUMMING, or LONG MEG OF WESTMINSTER ; and, if we may believe all that we are told, was a still more formidable virago than the two latter. It is probable enough that the lady in question was some well known ale-wife of the time, whose facetious and popular character suggested to the compiler of *Pasquils Jest*s the notion of assisting the sale of his work by introducing her on the title-page under what may have been her common nickname. Her celebrity was, doubtless, extreme, and subsequent book-makers did not scruple to trade upon it. Hence we have *pseudo-Bunchiana*, to wit : "Mother Bunch's Golden Fortune-Teller," "Mother Bunch's Closet Newly Broken Open," and the like, the chronology of which publications is rather dubious, from the persistent absence of dates.

The bibliography of Jest-books can seldom be complete or satisfactory, as books of this class are peculiarly difficult of access, and as unknown and undescribed editions present themselves at intervals. Two editions

only are in the British Museum, that of 1604 and the one printed for W. Gilbertson; and both are recent acquisitions. The Bodleian possesses the impressions of 1629 and 1669.

The reader will easily recognise in the following pages stories which have already occurred in a slightly varied form, in some cases with the change only of names and places, in *A C. Mery Talys*, *Mery Tales & Quick Answers*,<sup>1</sup> &c. ; but this class of literature has never done anything but repeat itself over and over again since the days of Hierocles, and in the whole circle of modern jest-books there is not probably a single anecdote, or a single witticism which has the slenderest pretension to originality. A good deal of the *Sheridaniana* is merely a reproduction of old material for the nonce.

"Pasquil's Jests" was one of the revivals of our early literature projected, but eventually abandoned, by the Shakespeare Society. In some of the original editions there is a Table of Contents.

(1) It has not been thought necessary to indicate, in each instance, where a story is common to other collections forming part of the present series of old English jest-books, as the reader is now enabled to compare the various versions in which the same anecdote has appeared from time to time.

To the Merrie Reader.

The description of Pasquill and Mother Bunch.

MOST pleasant Reader, my onely ayme in writing this Booke, is but to make thee laugh, and to shorten the tediousnesse of a long Winters Evening. Know then, that noble *Pasquill*, the Author of these Jests, was in his time the onely merry companion, who for Wit, Mirth, Eloquence, and Joviality, was the merriest Grigg (as saith the Story) that I ever read of. Now for *Mother Bunch*,<sup>1</sup> the onely dainty, wel favored, well proportioned, sweet coomplexioned, and most delightful Hostesse of *England*, she was squared into inches, being in height twenty thousand and a halfe, wanting a fingers bredth jump, in bredth eleven thousand and two inches and a nayles bredth just ; she spent most of her time in telling of tales, and when she laughed, she was heard from Algate to the Monuments at Westminster, and all Southwarke stood in amazement, the

(1) In the play of *The Weakest Goeth to the Wall*, 1600, one of the *dramatis personæ* is BARNABY BUNCH the Botcher, who alleges that he is the son of the redoubted lady of the same name, the matured fruits of whose prodigious faculty as a storyteller were given to the world in 1604. In Act I. sc. 2 of *The Weakest Goeth to the Wall*, we are told by Master Bunch himself, who is of course the best authority on such a point, that he had been originally in the same line as Mrs. B. viz. an *ale-draper*, somewhere near Thames Street ; but adverse circumstances, it seems, compelled honest Barnaby to change his views in life, and to settle down into a repairer of gentlemen's apparel, or, more briefly speaking, a *Botcher*.

Lyons in the Tower,<sup>1</sup> and the Bulls and Beares of Parish-Garden roar'd (with terroure of her laughter) lowder then the great roaring Megge. Shee was once wrung with wind in her belly, and with one blast of her taile, she blew downe Charing-Crosse, with Pauls aspiring steeple; she danced a Galliard on towerhill, and all the great Ordnance leapt for joy, and London shooke as it had been an earthquake; her quotidian or daily diet was three fat oxen,<sup>2</sup> two boyled and one roasted, with the Intralls: twenty three fat Muttons and a quarter, with the Heads and Gethers parboyld: fifteen dozen of fat Capons, with the wings and leggs of seven dozen of yong Chikens, and to close up her stomack, ninety and nine dozen of Larks wel roasted, and forty seven dozen of two penny wheaten bread, and to every loafer shee drank a tun of her strongest May Ale,<sup>3</sup> with Nutmeg and Sugar: yet shee never

(1) In the *Guls Horn Book*, 1609, by T. Decker, the *Monuments at Westminster* and the *Lions in the Tower* are also enumerated among the chief attractions of the metropolis at this period.

(2) The appetite of Mother Bunch far exceeded that of *Gluttony* in the Vision of the *Seven Deadly Sins*, introduced into Marlowe's *Faustus* :—

"*Glut.* . . . . I am Gluttony. My parents are all dead and the devil a penny they have left me, but a bare pension, and that is thirty meales a day and ten bevers, a small trifle to suffice nature."

Her ladyship's digestive powers must have surpassed those of the "Great Eater of Kent," whom Taylor the Water Poet has immortalized in a tract printed in 1630.

(3) [*Bar. Bunch*]. O, for one pot of Mother Bunche's ale, my own mother's ale, to wash my throat this misty morning! It would clear my sight, comfort my heart, and stuff my veins, that I should not smell the savour of these stockings."—*The Weakest Goeth to the Wall*, Act I. scene 2.



did rise from the table (as saith the story) but with a good appetite. For her signe shee perk't up her red nose, that ushered her face, red as Skarlet, which when shee stood upright, looked over the City like a blazing star ; and when it appeared, Bakers made hast, and Cookes came running, with whole Ovens ful of Pies, to bake at the sweltering heat which proceeded from her jolly red nose. A most pretious and rich nose it was, set with Rubies of all sorts, and hung in clusters like your French Grapes, which being well prest, yeelded from the abundant goodnesse five tun of well clarified liquor. Shee dwelt (as saith the Auther) in

Nash, in his *Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the Deuill*, 1592, has the ensuing passage :—"The next obiect that encounters my eyes, is some such obscure vpstart gallants, as, without desert or seruice, are raised from the plough to be checkmate with princes ; and these I can no better compare than to creatures that are bred *sine coitu*, as crickets in chimnyes ; to which I resemble poore scullians, that, from turning spit in the chimney corner, are on the sodayne hoysed vp, from the kitchen into the wayting chamber, or made barons of the beanes, and marquesses of the mary-boanes ; some by corrupt water, as gnats, to which we may liken brewers, that, by retayling filthie Thames water, come in few yeres to be worth fortie or fiftie thousand pound ; others, by dead wine, as little flying worms ; and so the vintners in like case ; others by slime, as frogs, which may be alluded to Mother Bunches slymie ale, that hath made her, and some other of her fil pot familie so wealthie—"

Coeval with Mother Bunch, and a rival dealer in strong ale, was one MOTHER WATKYN, whose beverage appears to have enjoyed a celebrity almost equal to that of her contemporary. See Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 136-7, and *An Elizabethan Garland*, 1856, p. 30. "Watkins ale" was formerly a favourite dance-tune. It is mentioned by Chettle in *Kind Harts Dreame* (1592), and by other writers of the Elizabethan era. The virtues of Mother Watkin's ale were commemorated in a ballad of the time (still extant) entitled :—

"A ditty delightful of Mother Watkin's ale,

A warning well weighed, though counted a tale."

Cornehill (neere the Exchange) and sold strong Ale, whose health to this day all joviall drunkards never do forget ; the many vertues of her Ale [it] is impossible for one penne to write. The Dutchmen were her best customers for a long time, untill the report of her Ale had spread it all England over. Young men and maides frequented her house, more than either *Pymlico* or the now flourishing *Totenan* [sic] court.

She raised the spirits of her spiggot to such a height, that Maids grew proud, and many proved with childe after it, and being asked who got the childe, they answered, they knew not, onely they thought Mother *Bunches Ale*, and another thing had done the deed ; but whosoever was the father, Mother *Bunches Ale* had all the blame.

Shee was an excellent companion, and sociable ; she was very pleasant and witty, and would tell a tale, let a \*\*\*\*, drink her draught, scratch her \*\*\*\*, pay her groat as well as any Chymist of Ale whatsoever. From this noble Mother *Bunch* proceeded all our great greasie Tapsters, and fat swelling Ale wives, whose faces are blowne as bigge as the froth of their bottle-Ale, and their complexion imitating the out side of a Cookes greasie dripping-pan, and you could hardly goe round about her in a Summer after-noone. Mother *Bunch* lived an hundreth, seventy and five yeares, two dayes and a quarter, and halfe a minute, and died in the prime of her charity : for, had she lived but two moneths longer, she had knit Pauls a night-cap, and bought London-bridge a payre of Pantoffles to keepe

his feet out of the cold swelling water. But shee died, and left behind her these pleasant tales following, which she used to tell those nimble spirits, which drank deepe of her Ale, and as she changed their money, as was generally related.

“ These <sup>1</sup> harmlesse lines that have no ill intent,  
I hope shall passe in mirth as they were meant.  
What I intend, is but to make you sport,  
By telling truth to please the better sort :  
And what it is, that I have aym'd at now,  
The Wise may judge, for Fooles I care not how.”

(1) These verses are here printed on the verso of the last page of the Epistle to the Reader, just as they occur in Gilbertson's ed. and in that printed by M. Flesher.

## **Pasquils Jestes and Mother Bunches Merriments.**

**A tale of a Scriuener of London and a  
Countreyman.**

**I**T fell out upon a Satterday, being market day, that a Countrie fellow of the better sort of husbandrie, came to London to lay out a little money upō some necessary trinkets: and hauing dispatched his businesse, after hee had pretily refreshed his spirits with a pot of the best that the Alehouse could afford him, made homewards very merily; but by the way, casting his eye, by chance, upon a kind of Writers, that would haue bin a Scriveners shop, and seeing the master of the poore house, or the poore master of the house, sitting alone in a rugge gowne, wrapping in his armes, to auoyd the bitterness of the weather, minding to make himselfe a little sport, fell thus to salute the poore Pen-man: I pray you, master, what might you sel in your shop, that you haue so many ding-dōgs hang at your doore! Why, my friend, quoth the Obligation-maker, I sell nothing but Logger-heads. By

my fay, master, quoth the Country man, you haue made a faire market with them, for you haue left but one in your shop, that I see : and so laughing, went his way, leauing much good sport to them that heard him.

**A pretty tale of a poore man and a Lawyer.**

A POORE man hauing bin much injured by an unkinde neighbour, who by the power of his purse would haue put him by the right of his land, went to a Lawyer dwelling not farre off, to whom hauing deliuered his grieffe, he gaue little for his counsell, but a great many thāks, and cuntrye curtsies, with God saue his life, and so forth ; entreating him to let him know when he should againe wait upon him for his further advice. Who answered him somewhat short : When you will, neighbour, when you will. The poore man, upon this when you will, came oftentimes afterward to him, but found no will in him to speake with him. Whereupon the poore man telling his wife of his ill hap, was aduised by her to take one of his best lambes, and present it unto him, and then he should see what would follow : her counsell he followed, tooke his lambe, and went to the Lawyer : to whose gate he was no sooner come, but the

Lawyer hearing the bleating of his lamb, opening his window, called him up, and within two words told him he understood his case, and all should bee well : where with hee departed, meeting with his wife going to the market, After they had beene at the Alehouse, and taken a pot or two, the poore man got him up into the market place, and there hauing his throat wel cleared, made this mad out-crie : All ye that haue any matters to trie in law, get ye euerie one a fat lambe, and carry to your Lawyer ; for one word of a lambes mouth will bee better understood of the Lawyer, and doe more good, then twentie of your owne. Probatum.

**Of a Citizen of London that rid out of the  
City fife myles.**

A CITIZEN riding to Edmonton had his man following him on foote, who came so neere that the horse strake him a great blowe on the thigh. The fellow, thinking to be reuenged, tooke up a great stone to throw at the horse, and hit his master on the raynes of the backe. Within a while his master looked backe, and seeing his man come halting so farre behind, chid him. Sir, your horse hath giuen me such a blow, quoth his man, on the thigh, that I can go no faster. Truely, sayd his master, the

horse is a great kicker, for likewise with his heele right now, hee gaue me a great stroke on the reynes of my backe : when it was his man that threw the stone.

**A pretty tale of a Complaynant that cryed to a Judge for Justice, yet refused it when it was offered him.**

ONE Dromo, a certayne Tiler, sitting upon the ridge of a house, laying on certayne rooffe tiles, looking back, and reaching somewhat too farre for a little mortar that lay by him, fell backward, and by good hap fell upon a man that was sitting under the house, whom with his fall he bruised to death, but thereby saued his owne life. Not many dayes after, a sonne of the dead mans caused this man to bee apprehended for murther, and hauing him before the Judge, cried unto him for Justice : who asking of the prisoner what he could say for himselfe, receiued this answer : Truly, sir, I neuer thought the man any hurt, neither did I thinke to fall ; but since it was my hap to hit upon him to saue my life, if it please your Lordship, I am contented that hee shall haue justice ; for myselfe, I had no malice to his father, though I see he hath a great deale to me ; but let him do his worst, I care not, I aske no fauour : let him goe up to the



top of the house where I sate, and I will sit where his father sate ; let him fall from the place as cunningly as hee can, and fall upon me to saue his life, I will be contented. The Judge, seeing the mans Innocency in intent of any euill to the man whome hee had slayne, willed the Complaynant to take this course for his contentment ; which hee refusing was dismissed the Court, and the Prisoner thus by his wit released.

### **How a Marchant lost his purse between Waltham and London.**

A MARCHANT that trauailed betweene Ware and London, lost his budget, wherein was a hūdred pound, who caused to proclayme in all villages and market townes, that who so had found the same, and would restore it againe, should haue twenty pounds for his paynes. An honest husbandman that chaunced to finde it, brought it to the Baylife of Ware, and required his twenty pounds for his paynes, when he deliuered it. When the couetous Marchant understood this, and that he must needes pay twenty pound for the finding of it, he sayd there was an hundred and twenty pound in the budget, and so would haue had his owne money and twenty pound ouer. So long they

stroue, that the matter was brought before a Justice. When the Justice understood by the Baylife that the cry was made for a budget with an hundred pound in it, he demaunded where it was? Heere (quoth the Baylife), and gaue it him. Is it just an hundred pound (quoth the Justice)? Yes (quoth the Baylife). Hold (quoth the Justice to him that found the budget), take thou this money to thy use, and if thou happen to find a budget with a hundred and twenty pound, bring it to this honest Marchant man. It is mine, I lost no more but a hundreth pound (quoth the Marchant). You speake now too late (quoth the Justice), for your couetousnesse hath beguiled your selfe.

**A Jest, sabing your reberence, worth the  
laughing at.**

**I**N a City, I find not where, met a company, I know not who, and about I know not what : but after that they had layd their heads together to conclude upon a thing of nothing, as the use is of such kind of people, fearing to surfet of fasting, they got them to dinner, where, when their bellies were full of wine, their braynes set their tongues to worke about wonders : and hauing made a great noyse to little purpose, they fell to questioning among themselues, what was the rarest thing in the world. One he

sayd, the Phenix, because there was but one, and she killed herselfe, and liued againe of her owne ashes. Another sayd, a Diamond, because it would write in glasse. Another sayd, a Parrat, because it would speak like a man. Another sayd, a true friend, [because] the world was so full of falshood. Another said, Gold, for that it wrought wonders in y<sup>e</sup> world. And another said, Loue, because it robbed wise men of their wits. But while they did thus differ in their opinions, one plaine, Asse-headed foole, being willing to say his mind, upon a sudden falling into a laughing, told them they were all wide : for he knew a rarer thing then all they : which they desiring to know, hee told them it was a sweet \*\*\*\*\* . Whereat euey one holding themselues by the nose, left off their talke, and laughing at the foole, rose from the table.

**How cunningly a knabe devised to get money by his wit for himselfe and his three companions.**

THREE loytring companions that fell in company together, domineerd so long, that all their money was consumed and gone. So being penny-lesse, sayd one of them : By my fayth, we are now in a faire taking : for we may, if we will, seeke our dinner with Duke Humphrey. Nay, zounds (quoth

the second), If I come where any presse of people be, I can get money enough for us all. Sblood, and I (quoth the third) can lightly assemble people. They were at that time not passing two miles from a small towne in Barkshire where, when they came, there was a new Pillory set up, where the third of them steps to the Baylife, and desires him to haue the mayden-head of their new pillory. The Bayliffe being a butcher was halfe amazed, and standing musing, at last he asked counsel of his neighbours, and they bade him set up the knaue and spare not. So up he went, and when he was up, he looked about and saw his two fellowes busie in the holes of the Butchers aprons, where they put all their money. To it, to it (quoth he), apace. The people laughed hartily to see him stand there. At last, when he saw that his fellowes had sped their matters, and were going away, he said to the Bayliffe: Turne the pillory about, and now I will come downe. So he, laughing hartily, did. And when he was come downe, the Bayliffe sayd: Now by my fayth thou art a good fellow, and because thou hast made us some sport, I will giue thee a Tester to drinke: and so, thinking to take some money out of the hole of his apron, hee found there neuer a penny. Cockes armes (quoth the bayliffe), my money is picked out of my apron:

and then the rest of the butchers beside swore they had lost theirs also. I hope (quoth the fellow), you do not think that I haue it. No, by my troth (quoth the Bayliffe), I know well enough thou hast it not, for thou wert on the Pillory all the while. Why then, no harme, no force (quoth the fellow), and so went his wayes.

**How one at Kingston fayned himselfe dead, to  
trye what his wife would doe.**

**I**N Kingston dwelt one Rawlins, newly married, which to prooue what his wife would doe, fayned himselfe dead, while she was in the backside washing of her clothes, and layd himselfe all along the floore. Whereupon his wife comming suddenly in, thought that he had bin dead indeed: but hauing laboured hard all the day, and being sore an hungred, shee stood musing with her selfe, whether it were best to lament his death, or to dine first: which motion of eating liked her best: whereupon shee cut two or three collops of salt Bacon, and broyled them on the coales, and ate them up: and being very hungry, shee forgot to drinke, but the saltnesse of the meat at last made her throat so harsh that shee tooke a pot and went to draw some drinke: but one of her neighbours

comming suddenly in, made her set down her pot, and as if her husband had but new falne downe, shee began to lament so heauily, and with such a noyse, that all the neighbours came running in, where they found her most pitifully bewayling the sudden death of her husband. Whereupon they began to comfort her, and told her, she must be content, for there was now no remedie. Alas! sayd she, Oh, my sweet husband! what shall I doe? At which words, her husband lift up his head, and sayd: Full ill, my sweet wife, except you goe quickly and drinke: for the salt Bacon I am sure hath almost choked you.

**A knabish answere of an unhappy countrey  
wench to a foolish yong fellow.**

**A** CERTAYNE idle headed young man, that loued to heare himselfe speake, though it were of matter to little purpose, riding upon a fayre day to a market towne, ouertooke by chance, among other creatures of her own kind, an indifferent well fauored and well growne countrey wench, whom singling by her selfe as much as he could, he fel to commune with, in an odde maner of loue-making, when beginning very low, marking her new shod feete, hanging ouer her dossers, beganne with this

commendation : Truly, sister, you haue a very fine foot there. Yea, sir (quoth y<sup>e</sup> wench), that I haue ; a couple. The yong man thinking to shew some little wit, in a scoffe replied with this speech : But are they twinnes, sister ? were they both borne at one time ? No, indeed, sir (quoth the wench) ; there hath beene a man borne betwixt them. Where-with her neighbours that rode by her, falling into a laughing, made him find that she was a married wife : which being contrary to his expectation, being much troubled with her answere, with lacke of wit to reply, galloped away with a flea in his eare.

### **A flouting answere to a flouting question.**

A POORE man, upon a time comming into a market with a very leane horse, setting him neere unto a company of fat and fayre Geldings to be sold, was asked of a scoffing companion, how he sold his horse by the ell ; which the poore man taking something discontentedly, and yet not willing to quarrel with him, made him an answere fit for his question, when holding up his horses taile : I pray you, sir (quoth he), come into the shop and you shall see.

**A warning for tale-tellers.**

I READ in the records of a certayne schoole, where faultes were reckoned up all the week, to be payd upon the Satterday, that an unhappy boy, willing to haue one of his fellowes taste of such schoole-butter as hee had often broke his fast with, one morning came to his master with this speech : Truly, sir, you haue often beaten me for looking off from my booke, and such a one scapeth without rebuke. Yea ! (quoth he) call him to me. Who no sooner came to him, but [hee] heard him his lesson. Which perfectly repeated : How now, Sirra (quoth he to his accuser), how like you this geare ? How did he looke from his booke, and say his lesson so well ? Let me heare you ; who was imperfect in many poynts. Well, sir (quoth hee), how doe you know that your fellow did not looke upon his booke ? Marry, sir (quoth he), I did watch him all the while. Then, sir (quoth his fellow), I beseech you aske him who looked on his booke while he watched mee. Whereat his master smiling, tooke the accuser, and openly in the schoole whipped him well, first for his lesson, and after for his accusation.



**Of a worshipfull gentleman in Lincolnshire  
and his man.**

A CERTAYNE gentleman in Lincolnshire, being also a Justice of Peace, had an olde servant many yeres, called Adam Milford, who upon a time came unto his master, and desired him, in regard he had bene his servant so many yeeres, hee would now giue him something to helpe him in his old age. Thou sayest true (quoth his master), and I will tell thee what I will doe. Now shortly I am to ride up to London; if thou wilt pay my costs and charges by the way, I will giue thee shortly such a thing as shall be worth to thee an hundred pound. I am content (quoth Adam); and so payd for all their reckoning by the way. So being come to London, he put his master in mind of his former promise that he had made to him. What, did I promise thee anything? I (quoth Adam), y<sup>t</sup> you did: for you said you would giue mee that that should bee worth to me a hundred pound, for paying your charges to London. Let me see your writing (quoth his master). I haue none (quoth Adam). Then thou art like to haue nothing (quoth his master); and learne this of mee, that when thou makest a bargayne with any man, looke thou take

a writing, and beware how thou makest a writing to any man. This hath auayled mee an hundred pounds in my dayes. When Adam saw there was no remedy, he was content ; but when they should depart, Adam stayed behind his master to reckon with his hostis ; and on his masters scarlet cloake borrowed so much money as came to all their charges that hee had layd out by the way. His master had not ridden past two myles, but it began to rayne apace ; wherefore he called for his cloake. His other men made answer, that Adam was behind, and had it with him. So they shrowded them under a tree till Adam came. When he came, his master sayd all angerly : Thou knaue, come give me my cloake ; hast thou not serued me well, to let me be thus wet ? Truly, sir (quoth Adam), I haue layd it to pawne for all your charges by the way. Why, knaue, quoth he, didst thou not promise to beare my charges to London ? Did I ? quoth Adam. I, quoth his master, that thou didst. Lets see, shew me your writing of it, quoth Adam. Whereupon his master, perceiuing he was ouerreacht by his man, was fayne to send for his cloake againe, and pay the money.

**H**ow madde Coomes, when his wife was drowned,  
sought her against the streame.

**C**OOMES of Stapforth, hearing that his wife was drowned comming from market, went with certayne of his friends to see if they could find her in the riuer. He, contrary to all the rest, sought his wife against the streame; which they perceyuing, sayd he lookt the wrong way. And why so? (quoth he.) Because (quoth they) you should looke downe the streame, and not against it. Nay, zounds (quoth hee), I shall neuer find her that way: for shee did all things so contrary in her life time, that now she is dead, I am sure she will goe against the streame.

• **O**f the Farmer in Norfolk, and his Phisicion.

**A** CERTAYNE rich Farmer, hauing layne long sicke in Norfolke, at last sent for a Phisicion from the next market towne, who, when he came, hee felt his pulses, and viewed his water, and then told him<sup>1</sup> that he could by no meanes nor phisike escape, the disease had so much power in his body; and so went his way. Within a while after, by God's good helpe who is the onely giuer of all

(1) Orig. has *them*.

health, the man escaped, and was well againe ; and, walking abroad, being still very weake and feeble, hee met with his Phisicion who, being very sore affrayd to see him, asked him if he were not such a Farmer. Yes, truly (quoth he), I am. Art thou alieue or dead ? (quoth hee) Dead (quoth he) I am, and, because I haue experiēce of many things, God hath sent mee to take up all Phisicions I can get ; which made the Phisicion to looke as pale as ashes for feare. Nay, feare not (quoth the Farmer) ; though I named all Phisicions, yet I meant thee for none : for I am sure a verier Duncelieues not this day then thou art ; and then I should bee a foole to take thee for one, that art not fit to come to any man, but to the dogges with thy phisike. And so he left him. But the Phisicion neuer left quaking, till hee was out of the sight of him.

**How merry Andrew of Manchester serued an  
Usurer.**

**M**ERRY ANDREW of Manchester who is well knowne, meeting with three or foure of his companions on a Sunday, presently hee bade them home to dinner, yet hee neyther had meate nor money in his house. Well, but to his shifts he goeth, and went into an olde Usurers kitchin, where

he was very familiar, and priuily, under his gowne, he brought away the pot of meat that was sodden for the old misers dinner. When he came home, hee put out the meat, and made his boy scoure the pot, and sent him with it to the Usurer, to borrow two groats on it, and bade the boy take a bill of his hand : which the boy did, and with the money bought beere and bread for their dinner. When the Usurer should goe to dinner, his meat was gone ; wherefore he all to beat his mayd, calling her whoore. She sayd there came nobody but Andrew there all that day. Then they asked him ; and he sayd, hee had none ; but at last they sayd, that he and no body else had the pot. By my fayth (quoth Andrew), I borrowed such a pot on a time, but I sent it home agayne ; and so called his witnesse, and sayd: It is perilous to deal with men now adayes without writing ; they would lay theft to my charge, if I had not his owne hand to shew ; and so he shewes the Usurers bill, whereat the Usurer storms, and all the rest fell a laughing.

**How hee serued another that would haue put him  
downe in his merry sayings.**

**A**NDREW once was at supper with his friends, and among the company there was one that

spited at his iests and merry conceits. After supper they fell to reasoning among themselues which was the most reuerent part of mans body. One said, the eye ; another, the nose ; a third sayd, the leg : but Andrew, knowing that he that spited him would name the contrary, sayd, the mouth was most reuerent of all. Nay (quoth the other), the part that we sit on is the most reuerent ; and because they all maruayled why he should say so, he made this reason, that he was most honorable that was first set, and the part that he named was first set. Which saying contented them all, and grieved Andrew. The next day they all met againe, and Andrew, comming last, found them sitting all together ; and when he had saluted them all but his enemy, hee turned his back-side to him, and let a great \*\*\*\* in his face. At which the fellow being mightily angry, sayd : Walk, knaue, with a mischiefe, where hast thou bin brought up ? Why, disdaynest thou ? quoth Andrew. If I had saluted thee with my mouth, thou wouldest haue saluted mee againe, and now, when I salute thee with that part that by thy owne saying is most honourable, thou callest me knaue. Then the company fell a laughing at this jest hartily.

**The tale of the Blacke Moore.**

**I**N the yere when fresh wits began to season themselves to abide weathers, it fel out, it is no matter where, that a certayne yong fellow, next neighbour to a foole, hauing more money in his purse then he knew well how to use, and yet willing to aduēture a little to gaine more, light into the acquaintance of a notable crafty companion who, finding his humour was not to learne how to fit it, and noting his foolish kind of fleering when he came among the feminine gender, and how farre he would be in loue with mayd Marian upon the first measure of a Morris daunce, came one day to him very closely, and getting him to beare him company alone into the fields, there very soberly, in the way of much affection (as he seemed to make shew of), told him, that it griued him to see so proper a man spend his time so, without a companion fit for his person, meaning a wife, of which, if an owle would not serue his turne, it had bin pity any better creature should haue bin bestowed upon him. Yet, forsooth, in great secret he told him, and looked about as though somebody had heard him, that if he would be ruled by him, he would helpe him to such a wife as all the world should

not find a better for his purpose : for she should be fayre, and wealthy, and wise, and what more I know not ; but she should be such a one as he should haue cause to giue him thanks for. The young greene Goose, somewhat shamefast, and yet foolish enough to harken to an idle tale, answered him, that though hee was not determined to marry, yet, if he liked her, and she him, hee did not know what would come to passe ; but hee would bestow a quart of wine to haue a sight of her. Not to make a long tale of a little or nothing, without many hummes or haes, it was agreed betwixt them that a day should be set downe when the meeting should be. The place was appoynted, the parties were acquainted, the plot was layd, and the matter performed. But while the goose was gaping for one bayt, he was catcht with another. For the cunning rascall, intending to make himselfe merry with his money, told him he must be finely apparelled, and bestow a supper or two, in shew of a franke minde ; but when he had her once, then let him do as he list. The foole, already in a net began to tangle himselfe brauely, made himself new apparel according to the fashion, gaue money to bestow upon a supper or two, where met him a fine boy, drest woman-like, to whom he made such loue that a Dog would not abide to beare it. The



counterfeit young mistris with kind words and knauish wiles, finding the length of his foot, gate many tokens of his loue, as Gloues, Skarfes, and such like, besides a Ring or two, and a bracelet ; all which he did bestow so louingly, that he must needes be used like himselfe, and so he was : for nothing was refused that came so gently to passe. But after many kind meetings, in the end it was agreed betwixt them that, in a friends house of his, the matter should be made up ; which, being little better then a bawdy house, it serued the turn as well as could be. There they met, and being both agreed, upon assurance of eche others loue, to bed they should go that night, and be married shortly after. Wel, that night there lacked no good cheere, nor wine to make the heart merry ; which, being taken in full cups, wrought the matter as they would haue it ; for after they had well supped and sate awhile by a good fire, the good Asse fell asleepe ; in which, being layd in his bed, instead of the fayre boy, they had layd a blacke Moore wench by him, with whom I know not how he handled the matter ; but in the morning, seeing what a sweet bed-fellow he had gotten, suddenly starting out of the bed, [hee] ran to his clothes, and taking them in his hand, ran out into another chamber, crying that he was undone, for he had lien with the ugliest

thing that euer was, and he feared it was the deuill. In which feare [he], blessing himselfe as from sprites, running out of the house, with the expence of his money, almost losse of wits, and laught at of all that knew him, like a good Woodcocke, fled away so farre, that I neuer heard more what became of him.

### **Of a Doctor and his Man.**

A DOCTOR that was newly commenst at Cambridge charged his seruant, that he had not to say anything but that he should aske of him. Within a while after, he inuited diuers of his friends to dinner, and sent his man to desire another Doctor to come and dine with him. The fellow went, and the Doctor told him that he could not come, for he had great busines to dispatch that day. So home he comes, and sayes nothing. When the guests were all come, they stayd from going to dinner till the other Doctor came. When they had stayd till two of the clock, he asked his man if he had bidden him come to dinner. Yes (quoth his man), that I did. And why doth he not then come? Marry, he sayd that he had other businesse, and he could not come. Why didst thou not tell me this before? (quoth his master.) Why, sir (quoth he), because you did not aske me.

**Of one that beleueed his wife better then others.**

A MAN whose wife was no better then she should be, nor so [well] neither, his friends counselled him to looke better unto her. The man went home, and sharply rebuked his wife, and told her what his friends sayd of her. She, knowing that periury was no worse then adultery, with weeping and swearing denyed the same, and told her husband that they deuised those tales in enuy, because they saw them liue so quietly. With these words her husband was content and well pleased. Yet another of his friends was at him agayne, and sayd, that he did not well to let her haue her liberty so much. To whome hee answered: I pray you, tell mee whether knoweth my wiues faults best, she or you? They sayd, she. And she, that I beleeeue better then you all, sayth you lye all like knaues.

**The Hartfordshire mans answere to the Abbot of London.**

THE Abbot, riding in visitation, came to a place where they had newly builded their steeple, and put out their belles to be new cast. The abbot, comming neere the townes end, and hearing no belles to ring, in a chafe sayd to one of the towns-

men : haue you no belles in your steeple ? No, my Lord, quoth he. Then sayd the Abbot : sell away your steeple. Why so, and please your Lordship ? Quoth he : because it standeth voyd. Marry, sayd the man, we may well also sell away another thing in our Church as well as that, and better too. What is that ? (quoth the Abbot) Mary, our Pulpit (quoth he), for 'this seuen yeere haue we not had a Sermon in it, nor I thinke neuer shall, but belles I am sure we shall haue shortly.

### **Of one that lost his purse.**

**A** COUNTRYMAN comming up to the Tearme, by misfortune, lost his purse ; and, because the summe was great, he set up billes in diuers places of London, that if any man had found such a purse, and would restore it againe, he should haue very well for his paynes. A Gentleman of the Inner Temple wrote under one of his billes that hee should come to his chamber, and did write where. So, when hee came to the place, the Gentleman asked him, first, what was in his purse ; secondly, what countreyman he was ; and, thirdly, what was his name. Sir (quoth he), twenty pound was in my purse ; I am halfe a Welshman ; and John vp Janken is my name. John vp Janken (quoth the Gentle-

man), I am glad I know thy name : for, so long as I liue, thou, nor none of thy name, shall haue my purse to keepe. And so farewell, gentle John vp Janken.

**Of madde conceited Bulkin.**

**B**VLKIN, well knowne in diuers places for his mad conceits and his couzenage, upon a time came in to Kent, to Sittingborne, and there, in diuers villeges thereabout, set up billes, that all sorts of people, young and olde, that would come to Sittingborne on such a day, they should find a man there that would giue a remedy for all diseases, and also would tell them what would happen unto any of them in fīue or sixe yeeres after ; and he would desire but two pence apiece of any of them. Whereupon people came of all sorts, and from all places ; so that he gathered of the people that came, to the value of twenty pounds ; and hee had prouided a Stage, and set it up, and placed a chayre where he would sit ; and so they, being all come in, and euery one set in order, he comes to the gate, and takes the money from them that gathered it, and bids them looke that good rule be kept, and so they did. Also, he bid them by and by sound the drumme, and then he would begin

his Orations. Hee, when they were gone, with al haste gets him to the backside, and there hauing his gelding, gets upon his backe, and away towards Rochester rides he, as fast as euer he could gallop. Now they, thinking hee had beene preparing of things in a readinesse, sounded the drumme. The Audience looked still when he would come ; and staying one, two, three howres, nay more, thought sure they were couzened. Whereupon one of the company, seeing a paper in the chayre on the stage, tooke it, wherein was written :—

**Now you haue heard the sound of the drumme,  
You may all depart like fooles, as you come.**

Whereupon all of them, falling to cursing and swearing, were fayne to depart, like fooles indeed.

### **Of the rich widdow of Abington.**

**T**HIS widdow desired a gossip of hers that shee would helpe her to a husband, not for any carnall desire shee had, but onely to keepe her goods, and see to her lands, which is hard (sayth she) for me to doe my selfe. The woman, for all her talke, yet knew shee spake against her mind ; and therefore, three or foure dayes after, shee came to her and sayd : Gossip, I haue found an husband for

you, that is very wise and worldly giuen, but he lacks the thing you wot of, whereof I am sure you care not at all. Marry, quoth the widow, let the deuill take that husband, if he will ; for though I desire not the bodily pleasure, yet I would not haue him lack that thing which, if we should fall out, should make us friends agayne.

### **Of a Lawyer and his Man.**

A WORSHIPFUL gentleman, being a Counsellor, keeping a very good house, kept a Gentlemans sonne to be his Clarke, and to wayt upon his table. So one day hauing store of guests, there wanted bread on the table. Hee beckened to his man to fetch some, who, not understanding him, came to him and sayd : Sir, what would you haue ? Seest not, knaue (quoth hee), there is no bread on the table ? therefore fetch some. There was enough euen now (quoth his man), if they would haue let it alone, and not haue eaten it up. Another time, his guests hauing supt, and ready to depart, hee bade his man draw a cup of wine, to make them drinke before they went. The fellow comming up with the gilt cup couered, his master beckened him to take off the couer. He not understanding, sayd : Master, what would you haue ? Why, knaue, take

off the couer, quoth he, off the cup. Then hold you the candle, sayd his man ; for I cannot do two things at once.

**How finely one sold two loades of hay.**

**I**N London dwelt a mad conceited fellow, which with his witte liued with Gallants, and domineerd with good fellowes. Not long agoe, in hay haruest, he gets a pitchforke on his necke, went forth towards Islington in the morning, and meetes with two loads of hay comming towards the City to be sold ; for the which he bargayned with them that owed the same for thirty shillings. Whither shall we bring them ? quoth they. To the Swan by Smithfield, sayd he. And so went his way and left them, and to the Swan he went, to the good-man of the house, and asked if hee would buy two loads of hay ? Yes, quoth the In-keeper, where bee they ? Heere they come, quoth he. What shall I pay ? quoth the In-keeper. Four Nobles, quoth makeshift. But at last they were agreeede for twenty shillings. When they were come, hee bade them unload the hay. So while they were unloading, he came to the Inne-holder, and sayd : I pray you let me haue my money ; for while my men unload, I will buy some stuffe to haue home



with mee. The Inneholder was content, and gaue him his money. And so he went his way. When the men had unloaded their hay, they came and demaunded their money. I haue payd your master, quoth the Inne-keeper. What master? quoth they. Marry, quoth he, he that bade you bring the hay hither. We know him not (quoth they). Nor I (quoth hee), but with him I bargayned, and him haue I payd; with you I medled not; and therefore goe seeke him if you will. And so the poore men were couzened of their hay.

**Of a yong Gentleman that would haue kised  
a mayd with a long nose.<sup>1</sup>**

A YOUNG Gentleman, none of the wisest, would haue kised a fair maid that had something a long nose, who sayd: How should I kisse you? your nose is so long that our lips cannot meet. The mayd waxing angry in mind sayd: If you cannot kisse my mouth, sir, for my nose, you may kisse me there whereas I haue neuer a nose.

(1) This story is borrowed from *Mery Tales and Quicke Answers*, No. xi.

In *Love's Maistresse, or, the Queen's Masque*, by T. Heywood, 1636, act iv. sc. 2, the 1st Swain says:—

“Besides she hath a horrible long nose.”

To which the Clown replies:—

“That's to defend her lips.”

**Of one that fell off a tree at Greenested.**

**T**HERE was a Husbandman that dwelt at Greenested that was gathering his fruit, and being hard at work, forgot his footing, and downe he comes tumbling, and with his fall brake one of his ribs. To comfort him came a merry man, his neighbour, who sayd hee would teach him such a rule, that if he would follow it, he would neuer fall off a tree agayne. Marry, sayd the hurt man, I would you had taught me that rule before I fel ; neuer-thelesse, because it may happen to profit me another time, let mee heare it. Then sayd the other : Take heed that you neuer goe faster downe then you go up, but descend as softly, and you shall neuer fall.

**Of a scholer and a ploughman.**

**A** CERTAYNE scholler beeing in Bedfordshire, a rude ploughswayne reprooued him for something, saying, that he could say all his prayers with a whole minde and stedfast intention, not thinking on anything else. Goe to, sayd the scholler ; say one Pater noster to the end, and thinke on no other thing, and I will giue thee my horse. That shall I doe, quoth the ploughman. And so

he began to say : Our Father which art in heauen,  
till he came to Hallowed be thy name, and then  
his thought mooued him to aske this question :  
Yea, but shall I haue the brydle and saddle to ?  
And so he lost his bargayne.

**How drunken Mullins of Stratford dreamed  
he found gold.**

MULLINS being drunke, and lying in his bed  
dreamed that the Deuill led him into a field  
to digge for Gold, and when he had found the  
gold, the Deuill sayd : Thou canst not carry it away  
now, but marke the place, that thou mayst fetch  
it another time. What mark shal I make ? qd.  
Mullins. With Pilgrime salue (quoth the Deuill),  
for that shall cause euery man to shun the place,  
and for thee it shall be a speciall marke. Where  
he did so, and when he awaked, he perceiued he  
had foully berayed his bed. Thus betweene stinke  
and dirt up he rose, and made him ready to go  
forth. And last of all, he put on his hat, wherein  
also the cat had \*\*\*\* : so for great stink hee threwe  
away his hat, and was fayne to wash his head.  
Thus all his golden dreame was turned to dirt.

**Of a young woman at Barnet, that sorrowed  
for her husbands death.**

**I**N Barnet was a young woman that, when her husband lay a dying, sorrowed out of all measure, for feare that shee should lose him. Her father came to her, willing her to be contented ; for he had provided her another husband, a far more goodly man. But she did not onely continue in her sorrow, but was also greatly displeased, that her father made any motion to her of any other husband. As soone as her other husband was buried, and the Sermon was done, and they were at dinner, betweene sobbing and weeping, she rounded her father in the eare, and sayd : Father, where is the young man that you told me should be my husband ? Whereat her father suddenly fell a laughing.

**A poore beggers answer to a rich Citizen.**

**A** POORE begger, that was foule, blacke, and lothsome to behold, came to a rich Citizen and asked his almes. To whom the Citizen sayd : I pray thee get thee hence from mee, for thou lookest as though thou camest out of hell. The poore man

perceyuing hee could get nothing, answered : Forsooth, sir, you say troth, I came out of hell indeed. Why diddest thou not tarry there still ? quoth the Citizen. Marry, sir (quoth the begger), there is no roome for such poore beggers as I am ; all is kept for such Gentlemen as you are.

**The subtilty of a Lawyer repayd with the like subtilty.**

THERE was an unthrift in London that had receiued of a Marchant certayne wares which came to fifty pounds, to pay at three moneths, but when he had it, he consumed and spent it all ; so that at the sixe moneths end there was not any left to pay the Marchant : wherefore the Marchant arrested him. When he saw there was no other remedy but either to pay the debt or goe to prison, he sent to a subtile Lawyer, and asked his counsell, how he might cleare himselfe of that debt. What wilt thou giue me (quoth he), if I doe ? Fiue markes (quoth the other), and heere it is ; and as soone as you haue done you shall haue it. Well, sayd the Lawyer, but thou must be ruled by my counsell and doe thus : When thou comest before the, Judge, whatsoeuer he sayeth unto thee, answere thou nothing, but cry Bea still, and let me alone

with the rest. So when he came before the Judge, he sayd to the Debter: Doest thou owe this Marchant so much money? Bea (quoth he). What, beast, (quoth he) answere to that I aske thee. Bea! (quoth hee againe.) Why, how now? quoth the Judge, I thinke this fellow hath gotten a sheepes tongue in his head: for he answeres in the sheepes language. Why, sir, quoth the Lawyer, doe you thinke this Marchant that is so wise a man would bee so foolish as to trust this Ideot with fifty pounds' worth of ware, that can speake neuer a word? no, sir, I warrant you; and so perswaded the Judge to cast the Merchant in his owne suite. And so the Judge departed, and the Court brake up. Then the Lawyer came to his Clyent and asked him his money, since his promise was performed and his debt discharged. Bea (quoth he). Why, thou needst not cry Bea any longer, but pay me my money. Bea (quoth he agayne). Why, thou wilt not serue me so, I hope (quoth the Lawyer), now I haue used thee so kindly. But nothing but Bea could master Lawyer get for his paynes, and so was fayne to depart.

**A tale of a merry Christmas Carrol, sung by  
women.**

THERE was sometime an olde Knight, who being disposed to make himselfe merry in a Christmas time, sent for many of his Tenants and poor neighbours, with their wiues, to dinner; when hauing made meat to be set on the table, [he] would suffer no man to drinke till hee that was master ouer his wife should sing a Carrol to excuse all the company. Great nicenesse there was who should be the Musician, now the Cuckow time was so farre off.<sup>1</sup> Yet with much adoe, looking one upon another, after a dry hemme or two, a dreaming companion drew out as much as hee durst towards an ill-fashioned ditty. When hauing made an end, to the great comfort of the beholders, at last it came to the womens table, where likewise commaundement was giuen that there should no drinke be touched till shee that was master ouer her husband had sung a Christmas Carrol; whereupon they fell all to such a singing, that there was neuer heard such a catterwalling piece of musike. Whereat the knight laughed so hartily, that it did him halfe as much good as a corner of his Christmas pye.

(1) See *Additional Notes*.

**A fest of a felon at Oxford.**

**T**HE Assises being at Oxford, among the rest there was a Felon that had the benefit of the Clergy, to haue his booke;<sup>1</sup> but he could read neuer a word. Which a scholer perceiuing, stood behind and prompt him with his uerse that he was to reade; and comming to the latter end, he held his thumbe upon the booke, that the scholler could not see: wherefore he bade him softly: take away thy thumbe. He thinking that the same was so in the booke, sayd aloud: Take away thy thumbe. Which the judge perceiuing, bade take him away; and so he was condemned. And being upon the ladder, ready to dye, and the rope about his necke, he sayd: Haue at yon Dasie that growes yonder; and so leaped off the gallows.

**Of a Gentleman of Norfolke and his Host.**

**A** GENTLEMAN of Norfolke as hee was riding towards London in the winter time, and sitting by the fireside with his Host untill supper could be made ready, there happened a Rabbit to be at the fire a roosting, which the gentlemā perceiued to be very leane, as he thought. Quoth he unto his Host: We haue Rabbits in our country, that one will drip a

(1) An allusion to the *neck-verse*.



pottle, and baste it selfe. The In-keeper wondred with himselfe, and did thinke it to be a lye, but would not say so, for maners sake, and because he was his guest ; but thinking to requite him. Now truly, quoth he, it is very strāge, but I can tell you of as strange a thing as that ; which the Gentleman [was] very desirous to heare. Quoth he, I had as fine a Grayhound as any was in England ; and if I had happened to goe abroad to my grounds, the Grayhound would alway go with me. And sometime there would start out a Hare before me, which my Grayhound would quickly catch. It fortunied that my dog died, and for very loue that I bare to him, I made me a bottle of his skin to carry drinke withall. So, one time in hay harvest, my folks being making of hay in my grounds, and the weather hote, I filled my bottle with beere, to carry to them, lest they should lack drinke. And as I was going along, there start a hare out of a bush before me ; and as it was my custome, I cried : Now, now, now. My bottle, leaping from my girdle, ran and catcht the Hare. What, quoth the Gentleman, methinks that should be a lie. Truly, sir, said the in-keeper, so did I thinke yours was. The Gentleman perceiuing that he was requited for his kindnesse, held himselfe contented.

**A tale of a Printer and a Gentlewoman.**

**A**S a merry conceited Printer was going thorow S. Martins in London, with a friend of his, being merrily disposed : quoth hee : I will lay a quart of wine with you, that I will goe and kisse yonder Gentlewoman who is comming on the other side of the way. Wilt thou ? quoth the other, and I will lay it with thee. The wager being layd, presently this Printer crosses the way, and met this Gentlewoman, and with cap and bended knee salutes her, and taking her by the hand kissed her. The Gentlewoman [was] somewhat abashed at this sudden salutation, and could not call to mind where she had seene or known him. Truly, sir, sayd she (and made a low curtsie), you must pardon me, for as yet I do not know you. Truly, nor I you, mistris ; but I hope there is no hurt done. So saluting her, [he] went his way, leauing the Gentlewoman much ashamed, and [causing] much laughing to the beholders.

**A tale of a Gentleman and his man.**

**A**GENTLEMAN upon a time hauing a man that could write and read well, rebuked him one day for idlenes, saying : If I had nothing to doe I would, for the better comfort of my wit, set

downe all the fooles I know. The fellow, making little answere, tooke his pen and inke, and as his master had wished him, fell to setting downe a Catalogue of all the fooles that he was well acquainted with : among whom, and first of all, he set downe his master, who, reading his name, would needs know the nature of his folly. Marry (quoth he), in lending your Couzin twenty pound this other day : for I thinke he will neuer pay you. Yes, but (quoth his master), what if he do pay me ? Then (quoth his man) I will put out your name, and put downe his for a foole.

**A decept of the hope of the couetous with a  
Turnep.**

**T**HE King of Fraunce, Charles the fift, being presented by a poore Gardiner with a Turnep of a huge greatnesse, gaue him for his reward fīue hundred crownes, giuing him charge to lay it up and keepe it safely for him, till hee did call for it. Which bounty being noted of all his Court, and chiefly obserued by one couetous rich officer of his house, caused him, in hope of some greater recompence for a greater present, to present his Majesty with a faire and goodly horse, which the king thankfully receiuing, noting his miserable nature,

and that his gift rather did proceede from hope of gayne then good will, called for the Turnep, where-with he rewarded the miserable Asse ; at which he no lesse fretted, then all that saw it hartily laughed. And so I wish all such churles to be serued.

### **A pretty tale of a Foxe and an Asse.**

**I**N the time out of mind, when men wrote they cared not what, I find a discourse of a Lyon which, being King of beasts, upon some, I know not what cause, called a Parliament, whereto a great number of his subjects being come as neere to his presence as they durst, hee caused a proclamation to be pronounced to the whole assembly, that what beast soeuer bare a horne in his head should not, after that day, presume to set foote within that chiefe wood of his, without his especiall license, and whosoever did violate his commaund should be held as a traytor, and suffer death without further Judgement. It fell out within few dayes after, that a Foxe, hauing one night met with a brood of young Geese, besides Rabbets and Chickens, and hauing drawne them to a bush, under which he had layd them, farre from the high way, chaunced in the morning to espye a poore Asse comming towards him, to whom, after a few salutations and questions

touching his passage that way, he tolde the summarie of the aforesayd proclamation ; who answered him, that it nothing touched him, for that he had no hornes. Oh, but (quoth the Foxe) take heede, thou hast long eares and if the Lyon will say that they be hornes, then they are as ill as hornes ; but if thou wilt helpe me to carry a little poultry that I haue taken heere for the Court, I will warrant thee to goe and come safe. The poore Asse, whose backe was made for the purpose to beare the Foxe's burden, followed his counsell, and tooke up the poultry, which the Foxe made shift to lay upon his backe ; wherewith hee was no sooner come to the woodside, but a Woolfe, espying of him, ran towards him, of whom not a little afrayd, he flung downe his burden, with this out-cry : Let neuer Asse follow a Foxe, lest he meet with a Woolfe at his iourneyes end.

**How a woman serued a Glutton, but yet he  
was too good for her.**

NOT unlike to Mother Bunch our Hostesse, an olde woman in Sussex, that brewed good Ale, there dwelt, that had euery weeke a lusty eater, and as tall a drinker, [who] used to her house ; but when he had serued himselfe, he would not pay any thing

at all. The Woman, grievuing to be thus used still, knew not what remedy to haue, for with his swaggering hee domineerd, because hee had bene a souldier. One Tuesday morning he comes thither, saying: Hostesse, what shall we haue to breakefast? I haue nothing of your price (quoth she) at this time. Whereupon he began to sweare so pityfully, that he so feared the woman that she set a dish of sweet butter before him, that shee had kept for others that were to come thither, whereof he began to eate so greedily, that she feared he would eate up all. And thereupon she stept to the dore, as though one had knockt, and came in agayne, and sayd to him: Sir, there is one at the dore would speake with you. Whereupon hee went to the doore. In the meane space she thrust his knife in the fire, and heat it almost red hote. In comes hee againe, saying, there was nobody there. Then belike he is gone, quoth she. Hee, taking his knife againe, would haue cut the butter, but it fell still from the knife; whereat he wondring sayd: Hostesse, I maruaile what ailes my knife? Truely, sir, your knife blushes to see his master so unreasonable. In faith, sayd he, if this knife blush, his fellow here yet looketh pale; and so drawes out his other knife, and eates up the rest of the butter cleane.

**The answere of a Gentlemans man to his  
Master.**

**A** WORSHIPFULL Gentleman in London, hauing on a time inuited diuers of his friends to supper to his house, and being at supper, the second course comming in, the first was one of the Gentlemans owne men, bringing a Capon, and, by chance, stumbling at the portall doore, the Capon flew out of the platter, and ran along the boords to the upper end of the table, where the Master of the house sate, who, making a iest of it, sayd : By my faith, it is well ; the Capon is come first, my man will come anon too, I hope. By and by, came his man, and takes up the Capon, and layes it in the platter, and sets it on the boord. I thanke you, sir, quoth his Master, I could have done so my selfe. I, quoth his man, tis a small matter, sir, for one to doe a thing, when he sees it done before his face.

**Certaine sullen speeches of Diogenes to Alexander.**

**D**IOGENES walking on a time in a Churchyard neere unto a high way that lay in a valley, espied Alexander with a great traine a farre off upon a hille comming downe towards that towne, where

the Church stooke. Whereupon, minding to put Alexander out of such proud humours, as he doubted of him at that time to be possessed with, ran in all haste unto the Sexten of the Church, for the key of the doore within which lay the dead mens skulles and bones which had beene digged up; where, taking out as many as he could well carrie in his armes, hee laid them one by one in the way where Alexander was to passe; who, being come some what neere unto him, and seeing his paines in laying of the bones, asked what he meant by it. Why (quoth Diogenes), I have heard that here have beene as well the bones of Princes, as poore people, buried here in this Churchyard, and now I have beene laying them together, to see if I could finde any difference whereby I might finde which were the Princes and which the beggers; but, truly, they are so like one an other, that I find no difference at all. Well (quoth Alexander), this is one of thy dogged humors; but how darest thou thus trouble me in my time of pleasure, knowing that I can take thy life from thee, if I list? Why (quoth Diogenes), doe thou know, that I will die in spight of thy teeth, and, therefore, care not for thy threats, knowing death to bee the worst that can come of them, and my offence no greater then this in deseruing of them. Which answered Alexander



well noting, knowing his nature, left him to his sullen humors.

**Of a drunken fellow that fell in the fire.**

**T**HERE was a notable drunkard of Rochester, whom his wife perswaded, as much as in her lay, to leaue that sinne ; but the more shee spake the worse hee was ; and, because she controuled him, he would al to beat her. So she let him alone ; and, because his use was still to stay out till almost midnight, she would goe to bed, and bid her maid tarry up for him, and make a good fire ; and so shee did. One night, when he came home, the maide let him in, and he stoode by the fire, and warmed himselfe ; but his head beeing too heauie for his bodie, downe he fell in the fire all along. The maid ran, crying, Oh, mistresse, mistresse, my Master is fallen into the fire. No force, mayd (quoth she), let him take his pleasure in his owne house a Gods name, where he will himselfe,

**A pretty tale of a Foxe and a Goose.**

**I**N the time when birds and beastes could speake, and the windes would carry many tales thorow the wood, as it is written by some idle head, there came a Foxe out of a wood, unto a countrey house,

there neere to adioyning, where, finding a broode Goose, within a kind of open penne, saluted her in this maner : How doe you, sister ? I heard you were not well of late, which made me come to visit you, as one who would be glad to doe you any good that laye in his poore power. The Goose, sitting ouer her young brood crowding, made him this answere : Truly, I am not wel ; yet I thinke I and mine should doe much better, if you would not so often come to visite us ; yet for that I have a payne in my backe, I pray you come in and feele how it is swelled, that you may the better teach me what to apply unto it. The Foxe, very glad of this unlooked for kindnesse, hoping to haue that he came for, put his head no sooner within the dore, but a dog, lying closly hidden, caught him by the nose, and, biting off a piece of his chappe, with a sudden snatch let him go. The poore Foxe, making no little haste home to his borough, no sooner came among his fellow Foxes, but with great sighes told them, that he was bitten with a Goose ; which the bitch-foxe hearing, with an open mouth ran at him, and beat him out of the hold, with this shamefull reproche : Go, coward, bite her agayne ; thou shalt neuer come within my borough ; to be bitten of a Goose, and bring a way neuer a feather.

**A witty answere of a Magistrate to a malicious  
accuser of an offender.**

A MALICIOUS fellow, willing to bring a neighbour of his unto all the disgrace he could devise, and shrewdly suspecting him to haue more then a moneths mind to a fine mistres neere unto him, oftentimes watching his going in and comming out of her house : one day, among other, in the euening, noting his long stay, suspected that there was somewhat to doe more then all the Parish was acquainted with, and therefore seeing the maide gone forth upon some errand, beeing very earely in the morning, suddenly stept in with a companion of his, and tooke them together at their exercise ; which, being glad of, and that he had witnesse to make his matter good, runnes to the Magistrate of the Citie, who had to deale with such persons and such cases, and told him as much as he had seene, with : oh, Sir, I assure you he is a perillous man for a woman ; and, to tell you the troth, we tooke him in bed with her : what say you to such a fellow ? The Magistrate, some what allyed unto the young man, and wishing rather a secret amendment then an open reprehension, gaue him this answere : Truely, for the matter, it is not well ; but

for being taken in bed with her, in truth I can thinke no otherwise, but hee was a sluggard : I know not what to say to him. The accuser, seeing the people smile, and himselfe mocked with this speech, did no further aggrauate the matter, but, with a flea in his eare, went away with his malicious humor.

### **Of King Henrie and the Countrey-man.**

**K**ING HENRY, ryding a hunting, in the countie of Kent, he came by chance to a great gate, that he must needs passe through, and in the way there stode a Ploughman, to whom the King sayd, I prethee, good fellow, open the gate. The fellow, perceiuing it was the king, stode like an Image, and said : No, and it shall please your Grace (quoth hee), I am not worthy to bee in that office ; but I will fetch Master Cooper, that dwelleth but two miles hence, and he shall open you the gate. And so ran away, as fast as euer he could.

### **Of the olde man of Monmouth, that gaue his sonne all his goods in his life time.**

**I**N Monmouth dwelt an ancient man, of fayre possessions and great lands, hauing but one sonne

to enioy all his substance. His sonne being married, he gaue him all that he had, and so would liue free from all worldly matters, in his olde age, with his sonne in his owne house. After the deed of gift was made, awhile the olde man sate at the upper end of the table; afterwards, they set him lower, about the middle of the table; next, at the tables end; and then, among the seruants; and, last of all, they made him a couch behind the doore and couered him with olde sackcloth, where, with grief and sorrow, the olde man dyed. When the olde man was buried, the young mans eldest childe sayd unto him: I pray you, father, giue me this olde sackcloth. What wouldst thou doe with it? sayd his father. Forsooth, sayd the boy, it shall serue to couer you, as it did my olde graundfather.

**How a woman to hide a small fault shewed a greater.**

A WOMAN at Romford had for some cause shauen her head, and newly as shee had put off her kercheife off her head, one of her neighbours called for her hastily into the streete. When her neighbour saw her so, she blamed her for comming abroad bare-headed. Shee, remembring her selfe,

whipt up her clothes from behinde her, ouer her head. And so, to hyde her head, shee showed her bare tayle.

**How a madde man in Glocestershire answered  
a Gentleman.**

**I**N Glocestershire dwelt one that cured frantike mē in this maner : when their fit was on them, he would put them in a gutter of water, some to the knees, some to the middle, and some to the necke, as the disease was on them. So one that was well amended, standing at the gate by chaunce, a Gentleman came riding by, with his Haukes and his Hounds. The fellow called him to him, and sayd : Gentleman, whither goe you ? On hunting, quoth the Gentleman. What doe you with all those Kytes and Dogges ? They be Haukes and Houndes, quoth the Gentleman. Wherefore keepe you them ? quoth the other. Why, quoth hee, for my pleasure, What doe they cost you a yeere to keepe them ? Fourty pounds, quoth the Gentleman. And what doe they profit you ? quoth hee. Some ten pounds (quoth the Gentleman). Get thee quickly hence, quoth the fellow ; for if my master finde thee heere he will put thee in to the gutter up to the throat.

Of an Hermet by Paris, that lay with all the  
chiefest Gentlewomen in the Countrey.<sup>1</sup>

THIS notable knaue, that, under colour of holynesse, enticed all the chiefest Matrones of the Countrey to folly, at last, his doings were detected and knowne, and he was brought before the Duke of Anioy, which, to heare the number of them for his disport, called his Secretary to write them downe. The Secretary bade him recount them. The Hermet named to him the number of xxvii of the Dukes seruants wiues, and others, and then stode still and sayd nothing. Is there no more? quoth the Duke. No, and it shall like your Grace, quoth the Hermet. Tell troth, quoth the Secretarie, for if thou doest not, thou shalt be sharply punished. Then sayd the Hermet, sighing: To make up the xxviii, write thine owne wife in the number. Whereupon the Secretarie, for uery grieve, let fall his pen. And the Duke, laughing heartily, sayd: I am glad that he that with so great pleasure hath heard the faultes of other mens wiues, should now come into the same number himselfe.

(1) This tale is found in the *Heptameron* of the Queen of Navarre, first printed in 1549, but the Author or Editor of *Pasquils Jests* probably took it from *Mery Tales and Quicke Answeres*, where it is No. 40, and is entitled: "Of the hermite of Padowe.

**The miserable niggardize of a Justice.**

**T**O conclude with this miserable Justice, who came to London, to the Terme ; and, lying in Fleet-street, a companie of excellent Musicians, in a morning, played very earely at his chamber. But he, being loth to bestow his money so uainely, bade his man tell them, hee could not as then heare their Musike, for he lamented for the death of his mother. Wherefore, they went their way, for their hope was deceiued. A Gentleman, a friend of his, in London, hearing the same, came to comfort him, and asked him when his mother dyed. Fayth (quoth hee) some xvi yeeres agoe. When his friend understood his deceit, he laughed heartily.

**The end of the Tales.**



Here beginne the Gulles.<sup>1</sup>The first Gull, upon the wager of the Horse  
and the Cowe for good trauell.

THERE was sometime, not many yeeres since,  
a merry conceited man, of what profession I  
doe not well remember, who, hauing occasion to take  
poste from some hauen towne neere the Sea, came  
to the Maior of the Townte to complaine of the  
Constable of the Townte, for his little honestie in  
prouiding him such ill horses, knowing the nature  
of his busines, and the haste it required. The  
Maior, looking upon them as one that had not  
often made any posting iourneyes, tolde him, that  
though they were not so good as he had seene, yet  
they would serue the turne well ynough, and  
that as then he thought the Townte would yeelde  
him no better. Whereupon the poster told him,  
that if hee were no better furnished, that in his

(1) A *Gull* signifies here apparently a person who is soft and easily deceived; but at the time when *Pasquils Yests* made their appearance, the word certainly had a more extended meaning. See *Epigrams*, by [Sir] J[ohn] D[avies], circa 1596, in Marlowe's Works, ed. Dyce, iii. 226. Epigram ii. is *On a Gull*, and professes to be an accurate definition of what that term imported.

Countrey, a man would teache a young Cowe, to carry him further in a day then the best horse in that Towne ; and, for a neede, hee coulde doe as much there, and thereupon hee would lay twenty poundes. The Maior, discontented with his speech, tolde him he would lay the wager, tooke money in earnest, the wordes were set down, witnes set to their hands, that, in xxiiij houres, he would so dyet a young Cow, y<sup>t</sup> she should carry him further in a day then the best horse in the Shire. The Cow was brought into a stable, hey and water set to her, and in the morning, when he should ride, a horse brought thither to the place, which, presently, he would haue bound to the Cowe ; which, being too heauie for the cowe to carry, they all found the deceite, and the poore Maior beeing made a good Gull, was forced to confesse his folly, and to giue the Poster a good piece of money to be rid of his wager.

**The second Gull, upon the wager of leaping.**

A CERTAINE yong, well limmed, broad shouldered and milposte-legged yong man, who (it should seeme) with following of hounds, was used to leaping of ditches ; and so, with use, grew to be

held the captaine leaper of that side of the Countrey. One day, among other, wherein games came about the Countrey, best, second, and third, a great assembly of the youth of diuers Parishes, striuing before their best beloues, who had the lightest paire of heeles, put in their peeces of money, each one for the best, or the rest, as it fell out. This gallant yonker, aduancing himselfe, beeing untrust for the purpose, offers any man a foote before him, for the price of a quarter of the best malt in the countrey. But while no man would meddle with him, one mad-headed fellow standing by him, suddenly stept to him, and told him that, if hee might chuse his ground upon the ground before him, that he would aduenture upon the aduantage of a foote before him, at the uprising or standing; he would leape with him for fortie shillings. The wager was layd, the money put into a boxe, and the witnesses came to see the leaping; when he that took the foote before him, tooke his ground just before a great Elme tree that grew on the greene hard by; where, beeing able to leape no further then the tree, the other, finding himselfe deceiued, was contented to lose part of his money, to learne him better wit; and so, like a good Gull, went his way.

**The third Gull, upon a wager of going as fast  
as a horse, and go all one way.**

A DAPPER yong fellow, upon a time, having bought him a pretty ambling gelding, was for certaine daies almost neuer off from his backe ; and riding him no long iourney, but, as it were, betwixt London and Mile-end, in the view of many people, willing to make shewe of his horse or horsemanship, sitting as upright as a picture of Rye dowe : a subtill companion of his acquaintance, meaning to make a Gull of his mastership, told him it was a pretty Nagge, but hee was but slow pased, and that hee would lay fve pounds that he would go as farre in a daye on foote, as hee should ryde his horse, and goe both one way. The fine and all so fine, beeing much moued to heare his horse so disgraced, accepted his offer, layd the wager, and they put the money into a mans hands of good worth, that stooode by. Which done, the merry fellow, standing in the high way, went backwards. Which the horseman assaying to do, not used to those kind of tricks, his horse, rising aloft, fell backwards with him, with danger of his life ; when, rising up, and seeing the other still going backe-

wards, called to him, and, with confession of losse, taking backe what hee would giue him, remayned a good Gull for his labour.

**The fourth Gull, upon a wager to hang  
himselfe.**

V P O N a time, I haue forgotten when, in a place out of minde, met a company of good fellowes, which, beeing likely to bee some Inne, while the people were all set at dinner, came in an old rich Farmer of the Country, who, beeing well lyned in his purse, and therefore might haue the merrier heart, was so full of talke at dinner, that scarce any men else was heard at the table. Which a Scholler sitting among them wel observing, and withall seeing him wel tickled in the head with the good drinke, upon the sudden fell into this speech with him. Honest man, I pray you pardon me, if I say anything that may offend you; I am sory to see the euill that is towards you: you haue bene uery merry, but I feare you will neuer be so againe in this company; for I see in your eyes a spirit of madnesse, which will very speedily bring you to your unhappy ende. For, indeede, within this houre you will hang your selfe in the stable, upon one of the great beames; and that I will lay

a good wager, either with you, or anie of this companie. The olde man, much moued at this speech, and yet noting his grauitie, tolde him, that he was sory to see a Scholler haue so much learning and so little wit ; but, my friend (qd. hee), if you haue any money in your purse, you shall be rid of it, when you will, upon that wager. Wher-upon the Scholler gaue him ten shillings, and told him, that if he did not hang himselfe within an houre after, and first come into the house, and aske forgiuenesse of all the house, hee should giue him but ten pound for it. The Farmer tooke the money, called in for wine and sugar, and made merry withal. At the houres ende, he came to take his leaue of the Scholler and his company, who told him that he must pay ten pounds, for that he had not hanged himselfe. At which words he, finding the deceite, confessed his ignorance, payed for the good cheere, and, trebling the Schollers money, like a true Gull got him home againe.

**The fift Gull, that lost the wager upon the  
great Hogge.**

**I**N the midst of the Terme, at a certain Alehouse or Inne, where couetous wretches set their half-

starued horses and themselues feede upon browne bread and redde herrings, using after supper to sit sixteene at a faggot and a pot of beere, and inquiring of mine host, What newes in the Town? A cunning companion, that could feede upon the braines of a Conney, gat him a lodging in the house; and, getting a company of olde written papers bound up in skrowles, like lawe cases, would play the penny-father among them, till he had made his market with some of them; so, holding an euen hand among them, talking of many idle things, at last brake out into a great admiration of the strange wonders of the world, and of all not the least, of a huge great Hogge that hee had seene in the Countie of Lincolne, neere unto the Fennes, where were three Soves that were so high, that the tallest man in the company standing upright, let him reach as high as he could, he should not touch the backe of it, and these three Soves with their pigs were a pore mans, that would sell them for xii pounds, and if he had had money, hee would haue bought them, and haue gotten a hundred pounds by the bargain. Foure or fve of those greedy Asses, giuing no little eare to his talke, entreated him that hee would bring them thither, and they would beare his charges. But he, onely leaning to one of them, whose purse he knew to be full of mony, secretly

in a morning stole away with him, and rode downe with him into the Countrey ; where keeping of a certaine blinde house of lodging, kept the poore man at his house fīue or sixe dayes, to see these great Sowes, and in the end brought him unto a pretty Sowe, by whom he caused him to stand upright and reach up his hand as high as he could, when he asked him if he did now touch her backe. Who answered, No ; for hee was too high aboue it. Well (quoth he), this is the Sowe that you shall haue for foure poundes of your money, that I haue receiued of you ; which he had deliuered him the night before. The poore man, finding his greediness kindely met withall, and that he must take the Sowe, or lose al, was content with losse of halfe his money, to returne againe, as good a Gull as he went out.

### **The sixt Gull, upon a lifting Dogge.**

**A**N idle-headed fellow, new come out of the Countrey, and determining, after a little money-spending, to returne home with a budget full of newes, met by chance with an odde wagge, cousin Germaine to a Page ; who, finding his humor, and meaning to fit him in his kinde, fell into this honest kinde of parlee with him : Oh, old huddle and twang,



what newes in the Countrey, that you are come to towne? hast thou beene at a play yet? Yea (quoth the good clowne), that I haue, two or three. But, Sirra, what newes where you keepe? I am sure you heare all the world. No great newes (quoth the wag), but onely of the huge great lifting Dogge, that came lately out of Barbary, they take but two-pence a peece of euery one that seeth him: he is at the signe of the Carnation Hedgehog, in Westminster, neere to y<sup>e</sup> Gatehouse; go thither when thou wilt in my name, and thou shalt see him for a penny. The poore Asse, little mistrusting the boyes waggery, went in all haste, seeking for such a signe as was not to be found. But, being demaunded wherefore he sought, one of the Pages, coparteners in his tricks, told him, if he would giue him but a quart of wine, he would bring him to the Dog. The fellow, weary with seeking for the Carnation Hedgehogge, was contented, for the abridging of his further trauaile, to giue him both wine and sugar, with such appurtenances as cost his purse aboue an ordinary. Which done, and the shot payed, out this youngster leads this little wit, from one lane to another, till, hauing traced most streets to be thought upon, at last he brought him out at the townes end, to a poore womā's house, that kept a little Iseland curre, whom,

shewing unto this good Goose : Looke you (quoth he), he lifts up his tayle so high, that you may kisse his \*\*\*\* if you list. And with those words, laughing, ran a way, crying, Oh Gull, Gull, get thee home into the countrey, and carry newes of the lifting Dogge.

**The seuenth Gull, for the Pigges that were  
Hennes.**

**T**RAUAILING upon the way to London, out of what country I know not, a certayne pretty quick-witted fellow ouertooke a company of horsemen, who to passe away y<sup>e</sup> time, fell to talke of such things as came in their heads : some of Horses, some Hawkes, some Hounds, some Hares, and some Connies ; but towards their iourneyes end, they fell to talking of wonders, each one recounting what he had seene : some the long ditch at New-market, other the stones by Salisbury, and some the top of Powles, and other of the Lyons in the tower ; but, among all this, the youth in a basket that ouertooke the company, began to tell of a most miraculous thing that he had seene, and that but two nights before : that, in a towne some fourty myles behinde him, at the signe of the Whip and the Egge shell, he did see twelue pigges

in a yard, going by two Soves, and in the morning they were all Hennes. Many seemed to wonder at it, and the more at his sober protesting of his truth in his tale. Whereupon, one simple man of the company, desirous to carry newes home of such things as he had seene abroad, desired this fellow, at his comming backe againe, to beare him company to that Towne, and into his way back againe, and he would beare part of his charges for his kindnes. This being betwixt themselues agreed upon, their businesse being dispatched together, they rid home together, where, being well dried after a wet iourney, going to supper, they had one of the Pigges well rosted in his house, whose name was Henne: and in the morning, asking for these Henne Pigges, he shewed him all the rest. Wherewith, finding himselfe sweetly deseyued, ashamed to tell the world how he was abused, like a good poore Gull, gat him out of the Countrey.

### **The eyght Gull, upon the Gardens.**

**I**T fell upon a time, much about Sturbridge faire, that many mad people, minding to throwe away a little money, for lacke of company in the City, would needs go make merry in the Country; among

whom was one iolly lusty wench, that had made her selfe fatte with good ale and laughing. This piece of household stuffe, being hostesse of I know not what Inne, say her husband what he list, would make one among her friends; and being some three or fourescore miles out of London, in a Countrey market Towne, where were some such girles as thought their pennies good silver, and their ware worth money: after they had beene merry some few dayes, and almost emptied a poore Tauerne of al his runlets, inquiring, as the fashiō is, after newes, this good mistris, falling to her turne to talke of wonders, told them that one of the greatest wonders that euer shee saw, or heard of, was of late in the Citie, done by a stranger, touching gardens and the preseruacion of flowers, for she had seene it with her eies: that he had taught diuers how to take in their gardens euery night at their windowes, and let them out againe euery morning. Which thing the neighbours that came with her seemed to soothe up, that they had heard of the like, but they had neuer seene it. But she with solemne othes still affirmed that she had seene it, and could bring them to it. While they all gaue eare unto it, one chiefe woman of the company, who had her purse well lyned, and cared not for to spend a little

money for the satisfying of her humor, upon a beliefe of her solemne protestations, told her that if she might be assured to come to the sight of that she spake of, shee would take some of her neighbours with her, and shee would beare her companie back to London. To be short, the matter was agreed upon, the wonder was beleueed, the day appointed for their iourney, and together they came to London, where they lay all at her house, had good cheere, and payed well for it. But after they had gone abroad with the Hostesse to see sightes, Cheapeside, the Exchange, Westminster, and London bridge, had beene upon the toppe of Powles, beene at the Beare-garden, seene a play, and had made a Tauerne banquet, looking into their purses for to discharge their expences, were willing to see this strange sight of these gardens, which shee had dayly promised to bring them to, but stil making excuse, that they were in the Countrey, and not yet come to London againe, that had such gardens to be seene; in the ende, [she] brought them to a little lane, whereout at a garret window, shee shewed them a poore widdow setting out certaine boords, and upon them certaine earthen pottes, in which were diuers kindes of flowers and herbes, as Gilly-flowers, Carnations, and such like. The woman, seeing her selfe with

her company mocked with this iest, made little shew of anger, but seemed to laugh it out, and with this tricke of mistris Hostesse to gather some mony with her wit, tooke a Gull with her into the Countrey, to feede a foole when she found him.

### **The ninth Gull, that wisht for the Wood.**

**A**MONG madde Countrey wenches, that, when they sit a milking, will be talking of their sweete hearts, it was my happe, not long since, lying close under a bush, to heare a merry tale of a bird little wiser then a Woodcocke. There was a yong fellow that was well furnished for implements of houshold, mary his wealth was not great, and his wit but little, and his spirit of a weake constitution. For as it fell out, a rich widdowe, that was past a girle, and therefore knew what to do with a good thing when she had it, hearing diuers reports of such persons as she was wished to make much of, among al she heard of one yong man, a neighbours sonne of hers, to bee a sufficient man to doe her much good seruice, either within the house or without, either for plowing, or threshing, or sowing, or such countrie worke as best fitted

her occupation. This yong man she sent for, and as farre as modesty might, shee made shew of her affection, which the Goose not perceiuing, she caried him . . . <sup>1</sup>into her chamber, where she told him she must haue his helpe to remoue a chest. The fellow understanding nothing more then was tolde him, went up with the widdow, and all alone from one chamber to another, the doores shutting after them, where shee, often smiling at his either shamefastnes or foolishnesse, in the ende carryed him to a chamber where stoode a chest that hee could not remoue ; when, saying he would fetch companie to helpe him, she answered, No, now she was otherwise minded. And so leading downe againe the good Asse, she neuer sent more for him. A friend of his, meeting of him comming forth, hoping of his good hap, knowing his beeing aboute with her alone, asked him how he had sped. Whose answere was, Oh, I wisht I had had her in the wood, and then I would haue tolde her my minde. Now what a notable Gull was this, I leaue to all good humord wenches to consider.

(1) Two or three words, not material to the sense, are illegible here from the copy of the old ed. I have used having been clumsily repaired at this passage.

**The tenth Gull, that shooke his gloues.**

**T**HIS tale was no sooner ended, but another wench began to quite her in this sort : Nay, then, I will tell thee of as good an Asse as that was for his life. In our Towne, not long ago, one of the chief of our Parish, who was twice Churchwarden, and in election to be Bailife, a good fat gross Churle, hauing a good house of his owne, and well to take to, married a widow that dwelled three miles off, who, hauing good cattell and corne, and some household of her owne, by the motion of good friends, made a match together. But this Churle, being trouble with some sixteene diseases, lay himselfe in one bed, and his wife in an other by him, who, hauing a kinde of more then good liking to a yong man in the house, some kinsman of his, with sheepes-eyes, and smiles, and such odde kind of wicked kindnes, she made him understand her minde ; and beeing agreed one night to come into her chamber when hee was asleepe, shee told him, for feare of the worst, that he should take a paire of her gloues, and flappe them to and fro in his hand, which would make a noyse like unto a great Spaniell that used often to shake his eares ; which lesson he forgot not. Night was come, the candles



out, they in bedde, and he came creeping like a dogge. But the doore creaking, the old man halfe awake, or not fast asleepe, asked who was there ; when the fellow shaking of his gloues together, made him thinke it was the dogge, when saying, Oh, Troll, he lay still as though he slept. But the fellow missing his way in the darke, running his head against his masters bedpost, upon a sudden the old man start up his head with, How now, who is there ? The poore man amazed, forgetting to flappe his gloue, answered, Forsooth, it is the dog. Whereat his mistris laughing, bad hang him up. Whereat the fellow, as it were, following in, and seeking to driue him foorth, cryed out, Come out. But in the morning, as I heard, the Gull was put in a coope, where I heard no more of him.

### **The eleuenth Gull, upon the Cole-wort.**

**I**T is a tricke among many Travailers, if they light into companie that they thinke haue not passed the Seas, to tel wonders that wise men ought not to beleeeve upon the first hearing. Among which kind of people, it fell out one day at an Ordinarie, that a certaine idle cōpanion, that loued to heare himself speake, and would talke more then either

he understood or euer heard of, hearing diuers at the table talking of the diuersitie of soyles, and the natures of fruits, began himselfe with a fine and all so fine kinde of lispig utterance, to tell that he had seene many countries, and noted the diuersities of their natures ; but of all, one especially hee noted for the fertilities of the soyle, where, among many kindes of rootes, Gowrdes, Melons, and such other kind of fruits, there grewe in one waste peece of ground, neere unto a garden, a Colewort of that hugeness for height and bredth, that foure score Tinkers upon a sunny day sate at worke together under the shadow of it. Nowe while euery body wondered at his tale, and some, that he was not ashamed to lye so broad that no body could lie by him, one well conceited spirit of the company, upon the sudden, thinking to quite him in his kind, brake out into this speech : Why it is not so strange as that which I heard was in the same place, that all those tinkers did worke together upon one kettle. For what use ? (quoth the Travailer). Mary, Sir (quoth the other), to see the your Colewort in. At which speech finding his lye hit him, with as much speede as he could, like a lying Gull, gat him away from the company.

**The twelfth Gull, upon the cry of Hounds.**

**I** READ among the discourses of country actions, that a Gentleman of the Countreie, that loued home-sportes, as Hawking, Hunting, Ducking, Fowling, and Fishing, and such like, but of all, especially a good cry of Hounds, of which he kept the best in al the Country, upon a morning riding forth, neere a wood side, start a hare, who led the Hounds a chase thorow the wood, where the winding of the hornes, the hollowing of the hunts-men, and the mouthes of the dogs made such a countrey pleasant sweet noyse, that the Master of the sport, sitting still upon his horse, as one half ravisht with his pleasure, esteeming no musicke comparable to such a cry, sodainely brake out into this speech among them that were neere him : Oh what a heauenly noise is this ! List, list, for Gods sake ; is not this a heauenly noyse ? Whereat one Gull of the company, who, as it should seeme, neuer heard any dog but a Mastiffe, holding up his eare as it were towardes the Skie, to heare some noyse from the heauens, brake out into these words : Oh Lord, where is this heauenly noyse ? Why, harke (quoth the Gentleman), list awhile, dost thou not heare ? No

(quoth the Gull); the cures keepe such a bawling, I can heare nothing for them. Whereat the Gentleman laughing, and yet inwardly chafing at the fooles wit, rode away from him, and left him to learne more understanding.

*Finis.*

